



Obstinate Family

No. 42

Charles W. Kinson

Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott Smith

Jan 1, 1901.

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Mr. and Mrs F. Scott Smith

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—o—

THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.

No 42
5" ~

Charley Wickinson
~~Thomas Hailes Lacy~~

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A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

Translated and Adapted from the German.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells,
on Monday, February 21st, 1853.*

CHARACTERS.

MR. HARWOOD (<i>Harford's Father-in-Law</i>)	Mr. BARRETT.
MRS. HARWOOD (<i>Harford's Mother-in-Law</i>)	Mrs. H. MARSTON.
HENRY HARFORD	Mr. F. ROBINSON.
JESSY HARFORD (<i>his Wife</i>)	Miss T. BASSANO.
JAMES (<i>Harford's Servant</i>)	Mr. LEWIS BALL.
LUCY (<i>a Servant</i>)	Miss ELIZA TRAVERS.

SCENE.—A VILLA AT RICHMOND.

COSTUMES OF THE DAY.

Time in Representation, Forty Minutes.

N.B.—All communications respecting the terms of acting this piece to be made to Mr. W. C. Williams, 3, Acton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road.

F. SCOTT SMITH

Lucy ready 2 25
with two covered dishes. 954
014
1850

THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.

Henry ready 'C' has handkerchief
Milkinson No 42

SCENE.—A Room in HARFORD'S Villa, with windows to the ground, leading on to the Lawn, with View of the Country beyond—A Table partly laid for Luncheon, c.—Side-table with newspaper, L.C.—Sofa, R.C.—Eight chairs—Doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.—As the Curtain ascends, JAMES is discovered, humming an air, and placing the Chairs round the Table.

LUCY. (*without, L.H.*) James, James, open the door!

JAMES opens the door, L. 2 E., and LUCY enters with a dish in each hand, L. 2 E.

JAMES. Allow me to assist you.

Takes a dish from her, and as she places the other on the table, he passes his arm round her waist and kisses her—
She crosses to R.

LUCY. (R.) James, fie, Sir! What if any one should see you?

JAMES. (L.) Is there any chance of that?

LUCY. Yes, master may pop in every minute from the garden.

JAMES. But consider, Lucy, my name is Bunks, and that you facetiously call me the busy B; consequently, in my flittings about, I'm privileged to sip the honied sweetness from off those lips.

LUCY. I've no objection to that, James, but if master saw you——

JAMES. Well, what if he did?

LUCY. I should expire for very shame, James.

JAMES. Why? he kisses his wife often enough, for he has only been married three months.

LUCY. Yes, his *wife*. Now, if you were my husband——

JAMES. Ah, how long will it be before I am?

LUCY. (*sighing*) Goodness only knows.

JAMES. (*embracing her*) At all events, longer than you have any desire to wait. (*placing his arm around her waist*)

LUCY. (*breaking away*) Don't speak so certain of what you know nothing about.

Both arrange the table, fetching ^{all} glasses, &c., from side-table—HENRY HARFORD comes from the lawn, remains at the window unperceived, and listens.

M359533 . 0 .

LUCY. Master's father and mother-in-law are coming to luncheon.

JAMES. Yes, and to rejoice in the happiness of the young couple.
Lucy, I can't say that I can give you a father-in-law.

LUCY. That is of no consequence.

JAMES. Besides, I think we should find ourselves quite sufficient for one another, without fathers or mothers-in-law. There, *thank goodness the table is spread!*

LUCY. Yes.

JAMES. What?

LUCY. Nothing. I said yes.

JAMES. Well, that is nothing. (*aside*) I'll come the authoritative.
(*aloud*) You must also say that—(*they come forward*)

LUCY. Say what?

JAMES. "Thank goodness the table is spread."

LUCY. Why?

JAMES. Why—be-cause—be-cause—you must.

LUCY. How stupid.

JAMES. When one has finished anything, it is customary and proper to say—thank goodness that is finished!

LUCY. Go along with your nonsense.

JAMES. It is not nonsense. You must not have such a will of your own Lucy. (*softly*) Now, there's a dear, do say thank goodness the table is spread.

LUCY. No!

JAMES. If you love me, do!

LUCY. I won't.

JAMES. (*getting angry*) You won't?

LUCY. I won't.

JAMES. When I ask you to do anything, can you say no?

LUCY. Yes, yes! and if you were to ask me ten times—I'd still do so.

JAMES. What am I to think of that?

LUCY. Whatever you please.

JAMES. Allow me to ask ten times, and still be answered in the negative!

LUCY. Yes, if you were to ask anything so foolish.

JAMES. It is not foolish, but that is not the question now! you shall say it simply because I wish it!

LUCY. I won't say it.

JAMES. (*in a threatening tone*) Lucy!

LUCY. (*imitating him*) James!

JAMES. Now, you must say it.

LUCY. I must, must I?

JAMES. (*decidedly*) Yes! I command it.

LUCY. Why, surely the man is dreaming, or got out of bed wrong foot foremost this morning!

JAMES. No joking—I'm in earnest. You shall say, "thank goodness the table is spread."

LUCY. I shall and must, eh?

JAMES. Yes! you shall and must.

LUCY. Now, then, I *won't* do it.

Ready to ring bell
THE OBSTINATE FAMILY.

5

Jessy ready R 2 E. with boy
JAMES. (*trying to keep down his anger*) Lucy, I beg you will.

LUCY. I won't.

JAMES. For the last time I ask you.

LUCY. I won't—I won't, no, not even if you were to stand upon your head and ask me.

JAMES. We shall see! (*they walk across the stage angrily*)

LUCY. (*folding her arms*) Well, we shall see!

JAMES. (*angrily shaking his finger in her face*) You will refuse my request, and will perversely persist in your obstinacy.

LUCY. Yes, yes!

JAMES. Let's try. (*takes hold of her wrists*) Now, then, say it—Say, "thank goodness the table is spread!"

LUCY. Oh, oh! (*breaks away*) Oh, you brute—to squeeze me so! but, I have'n't said it.

JAMES. Well, consider everything at an end between us!

LUCY. Very well, Sir!

JAMES. And can you give me up so easily?

LUCY. Yes, if you are such a stupid.

JAMES. (*scornfully*) But, you can yet prove yourself to be more than woman, by not continuing obstinate, and saying it!

LUCY. But, I won't! I won't! *I won't!* There then.

JAMES. (*passionately*) Then, go to——

BELL RINGS.

—your mistresses room, for that is her bell!

LUCY. (*going*) I've not finished with you yet, my gentleman.

JAMES. (*runs after, and takes hold of her dress*) Now, Lucy, "thank goodness the table is spread!"

LUCY. (*stamps her foot*) No!

Exit R. 2 E.

JAMES. Obstinacy—as I think a distant relation of the King of Denmark says in the play—"Thy name is woman." Request! entreaty! threatening! force! all, all in vain! If I was to tell her that I would *kill* her, I wonder if she would say it!

HENRY (*coming forward*) Whether she would or no, pray let her live, James.

JAMES. Sir, I did not think—You've heard——

HEN. Something of your and Lucy's dispute, yes. She is an obstinate girl, James.

JAMES. Yes, Sir, but otherwise she is an uncommon nice young woman. But, I can't tell what is in the girl's head to-day.

HEN. That is a problem that the wisest have been unable to solve, so don't bother yourself about it; but go and see to the wine. (*retires up R.*)

JAMES. (*crosses to L.—aside*) I must be firm, she shall and must say it. "Thank goodness the table is spread."

Exit L. 2 E.

HEN. I think that was my wife's bell, so she must have come in from her walk. Ah, here she is!

Enter JESSY, R. 2 E.

—Your walk has done you good love, you have got quite a colour, and look charming.

JES. Flattery? but Henry you must really give it up. Recollect we have been married for three months, so that it is time you should appear in the character of a husband, and give up playing the part of a lover.

HEN. Do you desire that?

JES. Why, all the world says that you men change with marriage, and I *must* make up my mind to put up with it, and the longer you delay making this change the greater difficulty I shall have in reconciling myself to it when it does happen.

HEN. But you shall never find any difference in my conduct, dear wife. I shall never change, precious!

JES. And I will never give you cause to do so, darling! (*shaking hands very cordially*)

HEN. I believe you are the dearest creature on earth, and you fulfil my every wish almost before I give them utterance.

JES. And do you not the same for me?

* *They seat themselves, she takes up her work.*

—I wonder where my father and mother can be, I have not seen them for nearly a fortnight, and I so long to see them.

HEN. (*playing with her work*) Do you miss them, my dear?

JES. You never thought when you asked that.

HEN. No, no!—I was thinking of—(*laughs*) Something that happened just now.

JES. Well, what was it?

HEN. Something comic in the extreme! As I stepped in from the lawn, I heard Lucy and James amusing themselves with the great conversational powers, with which they are gifted—out of curiosity I listened. When they had finished laying the table, James in a self-satisfied manner, viewed the whole arrangements, and made use of the natural expression, “thank goodness the table is spread,” and as Lucy had also been engaged in the work, he desired her to show her thankfulness for the completion of the task, by making use of the same expression.

JES. Rather imperious!

HEN. Lucy refused to say it—James insisted on it—and out of this arose a quarrel—James endeavoured to compel her—while she continued peremptorily to refuse. Very obstinate of Lucy, was’nt it dear?

JES. It is rather difficult, dear, to say, which of the two was most obstinate.

HEN. But he begged her to do it.

JES. But it was such a foolish request.

HEN. But so insignificant—that no justification can be found for her obstinate refusal.

JES. (*more warmly*) Even as little as one can find for *his* obstinately persisting in requesting her to say it.

HEN. Now do not let us quarrel about it! nothing of the kind can

ever happen to us—for I am sure if I was to request anything of you—you would not refuse me!

JES. (*doubtingly*) Hum, hum!

HEN. (*decidedly*) I am quite convinced you would do whatever I asked you—

JES. But what if I did not?

HEN. What if you did not? why that is without the verge of probability, so I won't speak of it. I would bet anything—

JES. Do not bet.

HEN. Let us put it at once to the test.

JES. (*quickly*) Pray don't! Pray don't!

HEN. Pooh, nonsense! Dear Jessy, I request that you will say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

JES. Do not be so childish.

HEN. Now, dear wife, I beg you will! do say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

JES. (*struggling with herself*) What a—what a foolish request! (*hesitatingly*) No, no! I will not say it.

HEN. Do, do say it.

JES. No—no.

HEN. (*rather warmly*) You won't say it?

JES. (*decidedly*) No!

HEN. (*rising slowly from the table*) And can you refuse what I request?

JES. (*rising*) But it would be so childish to say it!

HEN. Childish or not, that's not the point,—it is, whether you will or will not fulfil my request?

JES. You are wrong in making such a request.

HEN. And you act wrongly in refusing to do what I request.

Lucy ready R. 2 E They become more firm and decided.
James ready L. 2 E with decanters
 JES. I act wrongly? That is the first time that you have ever said such a thing!

HEN. It is also the first time that you have refused what I requested!

JES. And it is the first time that you have ever requested anything so thoughtless and childish!

HEN. Thoughtless—childish! Is that the language of love?

JES. Can he who loves entreat anything so foolish of her he loves?

HEN. Entreat, Mrs. Harford? I have only requested!

JES. Well, if you should *entreat*—

HEN. Then—

JES. If you should entreat—

HEN. Then, of course, you would not refuse me?

JES. Yes, even then I would; for if you *entreated* such a thing of me, you would lessen me in my own esteem. No—I will not say it! (*goes up to side-table and rings bell*)

HEN. Good gracious, how angry you have become! How decidedly you oppose yourself to me! Is this the tone that a wife should use to her husband?

Handkerchief ready for Lucy R. 2 E

JES. Is such a foolish request such a one as it becomes a husband to ask of his wife?

Enter LUCY R. *Q.E.*

JES. Lucy, I left my handkerchief in my bedroom.

Lucy ready R. 22 with handkerchief
HEN. Jessy, do not drive this, which was at first a jest, too far.

JES. Do I do so? No, Sir; it is you who change *jest* into earnest. (*seats herself, and hastily snatches up her work*)

Enter JAMES L. *Q.E.*, with decanters, which he places on the table.—

LUCY *enters* R. *Q.E.* with handkerchief, which she gives to JESSY; she then passes JAMES, who, in pantomime, asks her if she will fulfil his request; she, in pantomime, refuses, and exits L. *Q.E.* JAMES follows quickly, after shaking his fist.—JESSY continues working with her back to the table.

HEN. (*who has been looking on to the lawn, comes forward, seats himself, and takes up the newspaper, reads for a short time, then looks over it at JESSY, throws it down, goes to her, and gently says*) Well, have you thought over it? Will you give up being obstinate?

JES. (*quickly throwing her work away*) How, Mr. Harford, obstinate? You know if there is any word that I detest it is that! I am not obstinate—and most especially not so in the present instance—but you are, for so obstinately persisting in so foolish a request.

HEN. But, Jessy dear, understand me; it is not on this foolish request I lay any stress, but only on your fulfilling my desire.

JES. Well, if it is so, I request you will not mention it again.

HEN. But my request was first made, and therefore must first be attended to. I should not have thought it possible that you could have refused me anything—

JES. (*rising*) Indeed! I must never say no—always yes, yes, yes. I see, you are like all the rest of your sex: you do not desire to have a loving wife—a tender, true, and impartial helpmate—no, you desire that your wife should be your slave.

HEN. My dear, you surprise me. What exaggeration this is!
JES. No, no, Sir, with your demand for implicit obedience commences our *subjection*. But I never will be made a slave—no, never! I haven't read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for nothing. I will assert and defend my rights, and neither threatening nor force shall bring me under subjection—

HEN. And "he shall be thy master."

JES. There, there, Sir, was I not right? You will be the master, I the slave—you will command, I must obey. I understand and perceive your desire to lord it. I will obey you in all that is reasonable, but not in that which is unreasonable.

HEN. (L.) Those are expressions never used to one whom we esteem.

JES. (R.) Such requests are likewise never made to one whom we esteem.

HEN. Yes, but a jest——

JES. You have made bitter earnest of it. (*cries*) Not a quarter of an hour ago you said you would never change, and now there you stand as cold and indifferent as if we had been married for twenty years.

HEN. Now, now, don't cry—you know how that irritates me.

JES. (*sobbing*) I can't help it if your conduct forces me to cry.

HEN. (*ironically*) Ah, goodness! what a villain I have already become! I force you to cry! Oh, wretched, and much-to-be-pitied woman, in that your fate has linked you to such a brute!

JES. Go on! go on!—add mockery to your cruelty. Who would have thought this an hour ago? I was so joyous—felt so happy—and now——

HEN. Do you think there are no unfortunate women in the world besides yourself?

JES. (*continues crying*)

HEN. (*aside*) Oh, this confounded crying! if her parents should come what will they think? (*aloud*) New wife, now Jessy, now dearest—come, come, let's make it up.

JES. (*taking her handkerchief from her eyes*) What, make it up?

HEN. Yes, it is foolish that we ourselves should mingle the bitter with our happiness.

JES. (*softly*) Do you indeed think so?

HEN. No one can have less cause to quarrel than we.

JES. (*gently reproaching him*) And yet you were so cruel.

HEN. Well, well! Now here's my hand, let's make it up?

JES. (*slowly placing her hand in his*)—Well, there—you cruel fellow for tormenting me so.

HEN. (*gently embracing her*) You know, darling, I wouldn't torment you for the world; but now, dear, as you love me, do, now, it's all over, just say those few words.

JES. (*quickly withdrawing herself*) What! again?

HEN. You wont?

JES. (*gently*) But Henry——

HEN. I was the first to give way, now you must complete it.

JES. You will insist on it? You will commence this quarrel again?

HEN. And you, I know, will put an end to it. Say those few words and I'm content?

JES. (*after short hesitation*) Once for all—no!

HEN. No! Good, good—very good! You know that this trifle would please me; but no, you wont do it. It *may* be obstinacy on my part to persist in it; but love would put up with such obstinacy and give way to it. You will *not* do so? These two or three stupid words are nothing in themselves; but by your saying them you would give me a proof of your love. Go, go, and never more say that you love me. (*walks angrily up and down*)

JES. You accuse me of obstinacy, and with what right? You, yourself, admit that your request is foolish, and, yet you insist on it. (*gradually relaxing her decided tone*) Is that love? You see that

Walks up and down.

Lucy really L. 2 E. with covered dish
 your request pains and grieves me, but that does not affect you. Your cruelty has made me cry, and, yet you are indifferent. On whose part then is there most obstinacy and want of love.

Enter JAMES, L. 2 E.

JAMES. Mr. and Mrs. Harwood have come, Sir! *(he then goes and prepares to wait at table)*

HEN. *(uneasy and softly)* Now, hide your tears, or what will they think?

JES. I'm sure I do not care if they know what has taken place. I am quite innocent. *Comes R*

Enter MR. and MRS. HARWOOD L. 2 E.

HEN. My dear Sir, I'm delighted to see you.

JES. Dearest mother!

MRS. H. I must scold you, daughter, for it is nearly a fortnight since you've been to see me. I had a great mind not to come this morning.

JES. Dear mother—

MRS. H. Yes!—rest easy—I know a young wife has something else to do than to think of her old mother.

HAR. The way of the world—old lady, the way of the world—a wife must leave father and mother, eh? But you do think of us sometimes, don't you, my girl?

JES. Always, father, always!

HEN. *(anxiously watching JESSY)* Now, shall we seat ourselves?

MRS. H. *(takes a chair between HENRY and JESSY)*

HAR. I've nothing to say against it, for I'm very tired and very hungry. *(sits L. of table)*

L 2 E
 LUCY enters, and places a dish on the table—JAMES takes hold of her, and asks, by signs, whether she will say what he has desired—She knocks his hand away, by signs refuses, and exit L. 2 E

HAR. Ha, ha, ha! Wife, you have put yourself betwixt the newly married couple. That's right, for if they sat together it might be pleasant to them, but very unpleasant to the rest of the company. Now, fill your glasses, and here is—many such days as the present.

HEN. Hem!

JES. *(R. of table, wipes her eyes and sets her glass down)*

HAR. What's the matter? You do not seem inclined to drink that toast; and—Eh, girl?—a tear? I see, a little tiff!

HEN. James! *(motions him to withdraw)*

Exit JAMES, L. 2 E

MRS. H. *(behind table, R.)* How can you ask? Let them settle themselves.

HEN. *(behind table, L.)* Oh! it is nothing—a trifle, not worth mentioning—and dear Jessy is something too sensitive.

JES. (*bursting into tears*) Something else—accused of being too sensitive now!

HEN. At least in the presence of your parents——

MRS. H. Restrain yourself, Jessy, dear.

JES. I know it is wrong to give way to one's feelings, but I have had *too* great a cause, and cannot help it.

MRS. H. What! Son-in-law! Son-in-law!

HAR. (*who has continued eating*) Wife, do not interfere in this, it concerns the children only.

HEN. From Jessy's appearance it would appear as if I had deeply injured her. Now, you yourselves shall judge—for I'll tell you the whole affair.

HAR. Don't son, don't, we have no desire to interfere in the quarrels of married people. (*eats*)

HEN. But I must justify myself.

HAR. (*eating*) It ain't necessary.

HEN. You might believe——

HAR. We do not believe anything.

MRS. H. But pray let him; perhaps it may lead to a reconciliation.

HEN. I heard James, this morning, when he and Lucy had laid the cloth, desire her to say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!" and they had a quarrel because she would not. I told Jessy this, and laughingly added that she had not such a will of her own, and in jest asked her to say it. She refused with such decided obstinacy and provoking perverseness, that at last we had angry words about it.

JES. (*in tears*) There, you hear—obstinacy—perverseness—sensitivity—reproached with all this. Now, you can bear witness for me, that I never was obstinate.

HAR. Why—no girl—I can't exactly do that.

MRS. H. Now, husband, how can you wrong the poor child so—she was never obstinate. Be calm, Jessy dear—we won't interfere, and you will soon be reconciled to one-another.

JES. I fear not, for he still insists on my saying it.

MRS. H. (*astonished*) What, son-in-law, do you still mean to say that you insist on it?

HEN. Pray let the matter end.

HAR. Yes, let it end, or you will spoil my luncheon and disturb my digestion. You are a foolish girl, Jessy, dear. And, son-in-law, you do right in gently curbing the self-wilfulness of your young wife. She will be soon accustomed to it, like my old lady there, who does not know the meaning of the word *refuse* when I ask. And if I were to request her to say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!" she would say it immediately.

MRS. H. No, she wouldn't though.

HAR. What?

MRS. H. You would not desire it, dear.

HAR. But supposing I did?

MRS. H. Why, then I wouldn't say it.

HAR. I say, old lady, are you in earnest?

MRS. H. Yes, quite.

HAR. You will refuse to fulfil my request?

MRS. H. Yes!

HEN. My dear Sir, this is folly. Pray speak of something else.

HAR. (*rises*) Stop a minute, son-in-law, stop a minute. I've never seen the like of this before, and now I'll see the end of it. Elizabeth, dear, now just say—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"

MRS. H. Leave me alone.

HAR. Pray say it.

MRS. H. No!

HAR. Many a time when I have seen a well spread table, *I've* said it, and now you shall.

MRS. H. I wont!

JES. Dear mother——

HAR. Elizabeth——

MRS. H. No!

HAR. Dear Elizabeth!

MRS. H. No!

HAR. Lizzy dear!

MRS. H. No! I wont say it! (*all rise*)

HEN. I beg that——

HAR. This is beyond a jest. Will you through your own obstinacy set your daughter such a bad example?

MRS. H. Here we have another example of past experience—that the men always side together when they have the *subjection* and submission of woman in view. The father even takes part against his own daughter.

HAR. I take no one's part except my own. My daughter's and her husband's affairs do not concern me. I have only to settle with you, and I desire that you repeat those words.

MRS. H. Mr. H.! Mr. H.! how can you ask anything so foolish of your wife?

HAR. Foolish or not that's not it. This request is nothing more or less than the touchstone of obedience, and if my historical knowledge serves me rightly, even so did Gesler hang his cap upon a pole, in order that the Swiss might greet it: this was the touchstone of their obedience.

MRS. H. And, Mr. H., if my historical knowledge does ditto by me, it was because this request was so laughable, foolish, and unmanly, that the Swiss revolted against their oppressors.

JES. Right, mamma, and we will act even as they did

MRS. H. Yes, of course we will, my own child, and set ourselves in opposition to these self-elected lords of the creation.

JES. We are wives; but not submissive, or inferiors.

MRS. H. Among the Turks women may be submissive and therefore inferiors—but we, thank goodness, live in a Christian land!

JES. The men appear to desire the introduction of Turkish customs, for in behaviour they *are* Turks!

MRS. H. (*more warmly*) But, heaven be praised, we are not slaves, and we *will* assert our rights!

JES. And such foolish requests as you have made we never will comply with!

MRS. H. }
and } No; never, never, never!
JES. }

They both retire and speak together R.

HEN. Father-in-law!

HAR. Son-in-law, we've dropt in for it. The worst of it is, that it has thrown me out with my luncheon, and when I do not make a good luncheon, I never make a good dinner.

HEN. Notwithstanding, we must not give in to them.

HAR. My dear fellow, I don't know. This is a quarrel by which neither party can gain anything. I've allowed myself to be irritated—got into a bit of a passion—but the specimen I have had of the enemies' powers and the difficulties to be overcome, have cooled my courage, and I feel quite peaceably inclined. Besides, the women are not altogether wrong, for it is *nearly* as obstinate to persist in our demand as it is for them to persist in their refusal; and——(*whispers—they retire L.*)

JES. (*advancing R.*) If I had at first for a moment imagined that so much would have come of such a trifle, I would have considered it a jest, and, as such, complied with it; but now I cannot do so.

MRS. H. On no account; for, if you were to do so, it would for ever subject you to his imperious control.

JES. He shall see that I have a firm will.

MRS. H. Very proper. Do not give way a single inch. My husband may ask long enough before *I* will give in.

JES. You will support me, dear mother, will you not?

MRS. H. You may rely on that, my dear, and so will all the women of England. (*they whisper*)

HAR. The most prudent always gives in——

HEN. I would willingly do it, but honour——

HAR. Pooh, nonsense, honour! that often prevents a man from doing what is right. A jest commenced the quarrel, and let a jest put an end to it.

HEN. If one could, by a jest—— Ah! I think I see the way.

Henry ready R. 2. 2. 5. with 2 shawls, Exit R. 2. 2. 5.

HAR. Come, come, a truce; your allied powers are too strong for me. But I must strengthen the fortifications in case of the worst. (*sits*) Ah, thank goodness the table is spread.

JES. Dear mother, shall we also?——

MRS. H. Oh, yes, yes, do not let their folly deprive us of our luncheon. (*seat themselves R. of table*)

22
Re-enter HENRY, R. with two shawls.

HEN. I come to make peace, and let us put an end to the war. I acknowledge that I was the chief cause of this quarrel, and to atone for this, I'll make you a present of one of these shawls, I intended to have done so this morning, but our quarrel drove it out of my remembrance.

JES. (*a little ashamed*) Henry, I scarcely know——

James ready L. 2. 2. 5. with Tray.

HEN. Come, choose.

JES. At such a time—

HEN. Choose, choose, there's a good girl.

JES. (*points to one, and suddenly withdraws her hand*)

HEN. The right hand one? (*she nods—he then puts one on the table and the other over her shoulders*) It becomes you beautifully. Now, I have come three parts of the way.

JES. (*after a moment's hesitation, goes and embraces him*)

"Thank goodness (*whispers in his ear*) the table is spread."
(*embrace*)

JAMES enters, with tray, and remains ready to clear table.

HAR. That's right, my children, you have very wisely made an end of it.

HEN. Peace is made.

JES. For ever!

HEN. The like shall not happen again.

JES. No, never! (*they go up R.*)

LUCY enters and arranges the things on side table L.H.

MRS. H. (*who has examined the other shawl, taps MR. H. on shoulder*) Look there.

HAR. What?

MRS. H. There's a shawl left.

HAR. Indeed!

MRS. H. Will you effect a reconciliation with that?

HAR. With the shawl? No, thank you, that is a little too dear to suit my book.

MRS. H. But consider—

JAMES and LUCY begin to clear table.

HAR. No, I hope to effect a reconciliation at a cheaper rate than that. It is all very well for a young husband like Harry, to do so, but when he has had my experience he will know better.

MRS. H. You're a brute! (*they retire up L.H.*)

HEN. (R.C.) James, I hope you have brought Lucy into a state of obedience.

JAMES. (C.) No, Sir, it is not to be done.

HEN. How obstinate of you, Lucy.

LUCY. But, Sir—(*advancing R.C.*)

JES. (R.) You must give way, Lucy, you must repeat those words.

LUCY. What, you know—

JES. Yes, all.

HAR. Yes, Miss Lucy, you have been the cause of all this disturbance.

MRS. H. Yes, it is all through you, and as a punishment, you must repeat aloud, and before us—"Thank goodness the table is spread!"
(*all laugh*) Well?

HAR. Now, old lady, I think you have said it.

MRS. H. (*down L.*) Dear, yes. Well, there's an end of it. (*gives him her hand*)

HEN. Now, Lucy, you alone remain.

LUCY. Upon my word I *can't*, Sir.

JES. Do it, and in three weeks I'll see you are married——

LUCY. *Married!* "Thank goodness——" (*jumping with glee to C.*)

ALL. Well?—well?

LUCY. (*who does not perceive what she has said*) Well—what?

ALL. Go on—go on!

LUCY. Go on?

JAMES. Yes, dear, do say the rest!

LUCY. Oh, I see!

ALL. Proceed—proceed!

LUCY. But it is so difficult. James, stand ready to catch me if I should faint. (*takes a long breath*)

ALL. Now, out with it!

LUCY. "The table is spread!"

She falls into JAMES's arms C.—ALL shout "Bravo!" and wave their handkerchiefs.

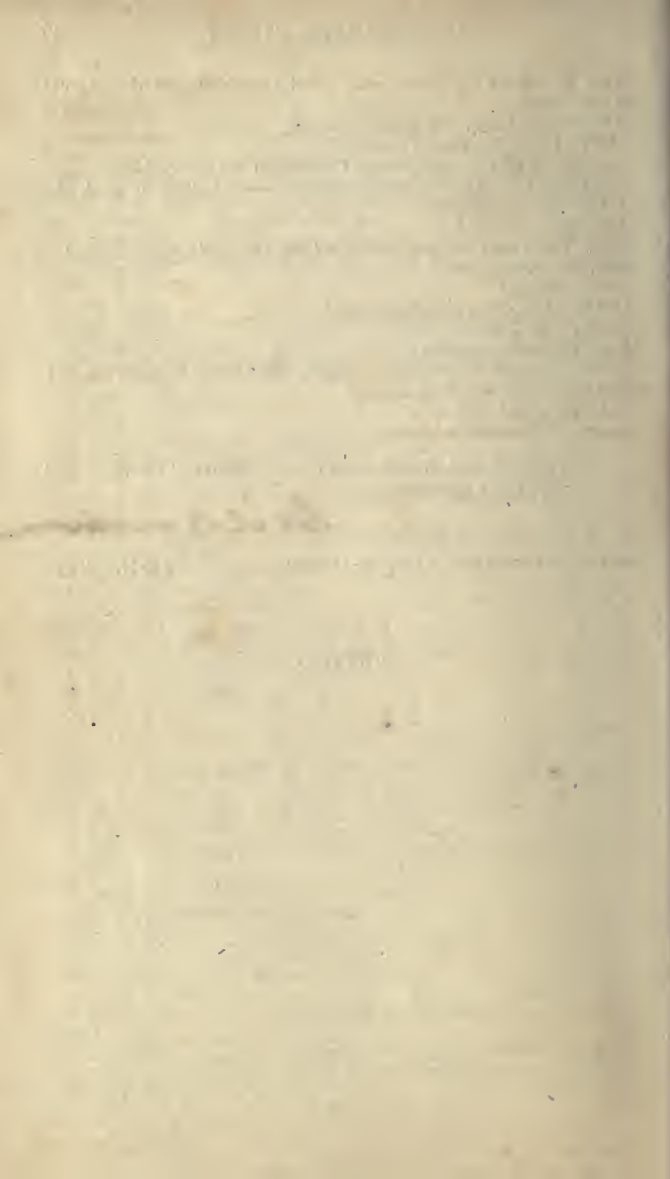
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JRSSY. HARFORD. LUCY in JAMES's arms. MRS. H. HAR.

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